

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Show Em Whatcha Got"

Talkin dat drive by shit  
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang  
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master  
Buck boom buck another  
Neighborhood disaster  
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz  
A muther fuckin gun  
But an organized side  
Keep a sellout niga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid  
Step on the rest of the hood  
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches  
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw  
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk  
Walkin dat catwalk  
Where you tryin to go wit dat  
Dont even go dere wit dat rap  
Guns drugs an money  
All you know how  
So whatcha gonna do now?  
I'm bout ready to bounce  
Trouble on the corner of blunt ave  
An 40 ounce  
Madd uncivilized lifestyles  
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild  
I'm raisin my child  
I'm steppin to da curb  
Wit a sign do not disturb  
Too much dont give a fuck  
Or a damn thing  
But choose what the other man bring  
I sing a song cause I see wrong  
I'm not down with the fe fi fo  
Where I come from

See, the brothers aint dumb  
Sense goes over nonsense  
When it makes no sense  
I'm throwin up da fence  
Talkin dat drive by shit  
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit  
Talkin dat drive by thang  
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk  
Walkin dat catwalk  
Were you tryin to go wit dat  
Dont even go there wit dat rap  
Guns drugs & money  
All you know how  
So whatcha gone do now?

*[Break]*

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man  
Gotta use a trigga  
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back  
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home  
Ungrown & now they on they own  
Now check yourself cool  
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool  
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk